

# A Pirates Soul

by dab-of-paint

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Summary: Mari wasn't a normal girl by a long shot â€" dying, getting thrown into another world, living again and realising you aren't even close to home does that to you. A calm new life was her plan. A pirates life and her own crew wasn't. Told in small drabbles [OC, SI]

## 1. What should not have been

**Hello dear fellow fanfiction-people. This is my first story in \_years\_. This is more or less an experiment that got out of hand and now I can't think of anything else. So this stuff needs to get out of my head and into the internet - because of reasons.**

**If you want to know where I will be going with this fanfiction: I was inspired by "Race for One Piece" by Teruul (a true masterpiece if I may say so).**

**The cast will mostly be OCs, later on in the New World this little crew of misfits will meet the Straw Hats and Co. Drabbles because I'm mostly learning to write something worthwhile in english, which isn't my main language.**

**Please be gentle - I'll try to create something interesting to read, but I cannot promise you'll like this story.**

**Small note: I do try to avoid mary-sueing!**

**Disclaimer: One Piece isn't mine. Sadly.**

**\* \* \***

**She heard the engine of a car, honking, screeching of tires.**

Searing pain raced up her spine. Screaming. Cursing. A siren blared.

And then:

Silence.

When she came to, her senses were dull. Her head swam and everything seemed muffled and slow. Neither her arms nor her legs moved according to her wishes. Panic swelled up in her chest and she tried screaming, speaking, croaking â€" nothing. She didn't even feel her lips.

\_What's happening? Where am I? I can't see! \_

Sometime later â€" much later â€" she came to the conclusion that she was trapped in her own body.

The accident must have cut her off from the outside. Her parents had to be worried. She promised she'd be home by twelve.

There shouldn't have been this much traffic at an hour like that.

There shouldn't have been a problem with crossing a road.

There shouldn't have been that much sheer \_pain\_.

There shouldn't have been true and \_utter darkness \_and \_blankness\_ and- she didn't \*\*want \*\*to be \*\*trapped\*\*.

And . . . she was

So\*\*S\*\*c\*\*A\*\*re\*\*D!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>word count: 174.<strong>

## 2. What a strange way to start

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\* \* \*

><p>On the 20th May, at exactly 2 o'clock, a baby was born. Small puffs of hair were the purest of whites, eyes a strange swirly pattern in dull grey. Her parents were shocked, the old wise witch of the village delighted.<p>

Mari â€" that was the name given to the newborn babe.

Charly â€" that was the name of the twenty year old woman that woke in the body of said babe.

A currently half-crazed, horror-filled woman that still couldn't believe that \_finally she could see something and feel and then she \_\_\*\*cried her heart out in loud pitiful wails. \*\*\_

And she didn't stop until exhaustion took what little senses she had away.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>word count: 105<strong>

### 3. Childhood Memories

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\* \* \*

><p>Mari was a quiet child. She was well-behaved, did what she was told and helped where she could. The four-year-old was a delight for the middle-aged couple that tried so long for their very own little one.<p>

Yes, she was strangely clever for her age and her colouring wasn't ordinary and sometimes she looked positively \_haunted\_.

But she was theirs'.

And â€" Mari thought â€" they were **\_\*\*hers\*\*'\_**.

Because she got a second chance and she would treasure this second time, this second \_life\_time above everything.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>word count: 84.<strong>

### 4. The time before

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\* \* \*

><p>It hadn't been easy to accept her situation.<p>

The first two years in her new body were frankly horrifying. Sometimes she thought about the \_blankness\_ before and she would shiver and cry for hours on end.

Her new parents had worried and fretted and she had wept bitter tears for a life that was just \_gone\_.

But she was getting better. She was healing, slowly but surely. The confusion and fear that came with being reincarnated didn't leave her entirely. There was always that lingering terror right before sleep took her.

Right before she went back into an abyss.

Mari concluded that the time before her birth was a nightmare inducing time filled with \_nothing\_. She'd been denied any outside contact for at least nine month.

And don't get her started on her birth â€" being a coherent soul that witnessed every minute of pain â€" no. That wasn't a nice experience.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Word count: 150.<strong>

5. For the love of

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\* \* \*

><p>At age 6, her dad took her outside for the first time.<p>

Naturally she'd wonder why her parents wouldn't take her with them when they left to go to the market or anywhere not inside their small home, really.

Seeing people staring at her in awe clued her in that they probably didn't want her suffering the wrath of star-struck fans.

It was plainly horrible.

A lot of passer-by's gave her flowers, some woman even gifted her with a basket of fruits. She was completely out of her depth. And increasingly embarrassed.

"Dad, what's going on!?"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Word count: 96.<strong>

6. Explanation of something impossible

\*\*Thank you for \*\*\*\*favoriting this story! :)\*\*

\*\*[edit] Sorry, it's Devils' not Demons'.\*\*

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\* \* \*

><p>They knew.<p>

She didn't exactly understand how, but they did.

Her father dragged her to a creepy half-blind woman and proceeded to explain, very patiently, that she'd probably get some strange memories from a lifetime before this one. This, he said, would happen when she was about â€" oh, let's see â€" about twenty fucking years old.

\_I kid you not. \_

"What." She stared, her gaze completely unimpressed.

"My dear little one-", the old hag started.

"No wait, stop, back up a minute-". Mari started waving her hands around frantically. "You mean to tell me that it's a normal thing to be reincarnated?!"

"For us, it is." The old lady sighed, and drew a gnarly hand through her receding hairline. "It has been about fifty years now, mind you, that a child with snow-white hair and eyes like the ripples of a pond was born in this village."

She waited silently for her to continue. Being increasingly aware that something went wrong "like really really really wrong" with her death and reincarnation thing. She was conscious from the very start for god's sake!

"The story of our people goes way back into the void years-"

\_Whatever that meant!\_

"And your destiny is to become someone great! In a few years you will make a great impact in this world and all of us will help you find greatness!"

What. That was a lot of greatness.

"We were gifted by the great Tree of Devils, the holy mother of all life, with a fruit "able to make their user very powerful. As soon as you are deemed ready, as soon as your memories come back, you will get the chance to make a great impact on this world-"

What. No really. What the hell was going on?

"Stop." Both her father and the hag stared at her.

"Mari, don't you understand-"

She interrupted him immediately.

"No, I mean yes. I do understand. Because I knew pretty much from the start that I was reincarnated."

Now it was their turn to deadpan:

"What."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Word count: 339. <strong>

## 7. Bonkers

\*\*It's getting interesting now. Next chapter, she'll be off. And soon after she'll meet her first crewmate! :)\*\*

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\* \* \*

><p>After her admission, everyone went pretty much bonkers.<p>

Well, more bonkers than before.

It wasn't that hard to make them believe her and soon after, she was pushed from person to person inside of the relatively small village.

Go to Cera, down the road, she'll teach you to sew ripped fabric. Next it's on to Papay, he's a fisherman, there you'll learn to catch, gut and later on cook a fish " because, apparently Papay was also a great cook. And look- what's-his-name is really good at punching people in the \_face\_, so go learn that.

Yeah, the next few years were a little hectic in that regard. She mostly went along with everything, because she was pretty much outvoted.

Two years in, with her being 8 years " or 28, depends, really " something interesting happened.

She ate a fruit.

Well, it was shoved into her mouth before she could protest, and she almost choked on it.

And now here she sat.

Letting a pebble float. Float right. Float left. Push away. Pull.

She took a look into the puddle right beside her and glared at the concentric circles inside her eyes.

Mari was completely unimpressed.

She was a goddamn Pain-from-Naruto-Rip-off.

\_Great.\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>word count: 200.<strong>

8. Goodbye!

**\*\*I'm so happy! ~doing a happy little dance~ :)\*\***

**\*\*Thank you for following and favouriting this story!\*\***

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\* \* \*

><p>The day of her departure came faster than she anticipated.<p>

The 17-year old woman learned a lot in the time she was on the small island Hallibell. Apart from fighting and plain surviving in this world, she learned " through the paper, delivered from a goddamn \_seagull\_ - from marines and pirates and \_finally\_ got that she wasn't even in her \_own\_ world. She wasn't a fan of One Piece, but admittedly she was a little slow in realising that a \_fruit\_ gave someone some fucked up powers, pirates roamed the sea and all those really big clues she should have understood pretty fast.

Well she didn't. Mari was a little dense sometimes.

Back to the matter at hand: She was almost off. Sailing on her own on the huge, huge sea, having adventures, fighting for her life and " and she was so goddamn done with this shit and she'd love to just stay at home and go fishing for a living.

But, alas, she was pressured in leaving because she had to be some great person that did some great things. Yeah, well, she figured sailing around for a few years and coming back like 'nothing to do out there' would probably be enough. She just wanted to laze around and have her own happy little calm life.

Mari liked it calm. Calm was happy. Calm was safe. Calm wasn't a fucking sea-king wanting to eat her \_alive\_.

She'd do it somehow, wait around on an island, be a lazy butt and come back looking apologetic.

\_I won't be drawn into some strange fucked up situation!\_

She tightened the fasteners of her pack, drew her shoulder-length hair into a tight pony-tail and squared her shoulders.

\_Here goes nothing.\_

And she was off with the hope of normalcy and boredom.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>word count: 299.<strong>

\*\*Next on: The first crewmate to an unwilling captain!\*\*

## 9. Funky Eyes

\*\*Hello there :) \*\*

\*\*First crewmember! \*\*

\*\*Now I have a few questions for you, because I'm not really sure what sounds best:\*\*

\*\*First: \_What title should Mari get from the marines? \_\*\*

\*\*Second: \_What do you think Maris' powers should be called? (Like: Gravity Gravity Fruit or something?)\_\*\*

**\*\*Third: \_Do you have suggestions for the title of her pirate crew?\_\*\***

**\*\*Thank you for your reviews, favourites and follows! It's really motivating to write something you people like :)\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"Wow! You sure got funky eyes!"<p>

Mari startled badly and almost bumped into someone.

"What?"

She looked down, down and down and there before her stood a small child. She seemed to be around 12-years old.

"Your eyes. They're funky."

\_The hell is wrong with this kid?!\_

"Well â€", Mari sputtered. "And you're a midget!"

Silence.

"Yeah, that's true. Doesn't make your eyes any less funky though." The girl threw long luxurious blond tresses over her shoulder and shrugged.

\_I so don't wanna deal with that.\_ Mari made a face, turned tail and strode off.

"Soooâ€| what are you doing in this tiny shithole called village?"

"Wha- why're you following me?!" Mari didn't stop, just tried to lengthen her strides and maybe get away from the newly dubbed The Little Pest. Capital letters included.

"You seem pretty interesting and right now I'm searching for someone interesting." The Little Pest said and smiled cutely.

\_That's a really wicked glint in those eyes\_, Mari thought and grimaced.

"I'm not. Interesting, I mean. I'm boring. Now you can search for someone who's interesting. So shoo. Go away."

The Little Pests' smile drew into a terrifying grin. "Ohh noo~", she drawled. "I think you're the one. We're gonna be the best of friends, have a lot of adventures and have a lot of fun, too.

Ne', captain?"

Mari drew a blank.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>word count: 227.<strong>



**\*\*Explanations are following - maybe in the next chapter, maybe a lot later :D \*\***

## 10. Annabelle - The Little Pest

**\*\*Hello :) I don't know how it happend but apparently didn't update the update-date yesterday. So I want to hint at the last chapter if you haven't read it yet.\*\***

**\*\*Penny for your thoughts? :) Suggestions for adventures, characters and so on? I do have a plan how this story will turn out and the crew is pretty set in my mind, but I do love to use ideas of a creative mind :)\*\***

**\*\*Thank you very much for reading this story!\*\***

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**\* \* \***

><p>Her name was Annabelle, she was actually 26-years-old and ate the child-child-fruit when she was 12.<p>

Apparently, she was a great navigator and had a lot of experience â€" also, she was from the same village Mari came from.

\_Which isn't that surprising. She's crazy, too, \_Mari thought.

It was already late. The sun had set and her and the kid-who's-actually-an-adult sat inside of a small, smelly room of the local inn.

After hysterically running away from Annabelle and trying to set sail with her tiny boat â€" which didn't work because there was absolutely no wind â€" she resigned herself and did the sensible thing: She spoke with the little hellion and tried to talk some sense into her â€" which also didn't work.

"Captain, we should probably head out tomorrow. The next island isn't that far away and maybe we can find another crewmate!"

Annabelle was enthusiastic.

She finally found the one she searched for, after waiting for years and years. And she would make sure the will of The Tree of Devils would be adhered to.

She wouldn't let her people down after they adopted her so generously.

"'M still not your captain", her horribly unenthusiastic charge mumbled into her pillow.

\_We'll see.\_ Annabelle smiled.

**\* \* \***

><p><strong>word count: 204.<strong>

**\*\*If it's getting boring, or everything moves to fast: please tell me, I want to become a better writer and need all the help I can get! Thank you!\*\***

## 11. Jaja-Islands - Part 1

**\*\*Hello people :) New chapter - a little longer than most. \*\***

**\*\*Have fun :) \*\***

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**\* \* \***

><p>The steady rocking of the small sailing boat made for a great rhythm to drift off to sleep. And that's mostly all the activity Mari partook in. Sometimes she grunted, shifted and got into another ridiculous sleeping position.<p>

There wasn't much space for two people, even if the second passenger was a small girl, barely reaching 5 feet on her tippy toes. Not to mention the several bags full of non-perishable food.

Even though Annabelle was a fairly good navigator, she couldn't make the time go by faster and her only companion was asleep almost all the time, except for the obligatory stuffing her face or taking a leak. Annabelle wrinkled her nose daintily. She already wasn't sure that this was the right thing to do.

She'd been part of a pirate crew before, only as a small fry mind you, but she didn't see half the motivation and fearlessness her last captain showed in the woman before her.

Maybe she could get a refund? Or she could try to search for a substitute to present the people from Hallibell in a few years. A little eye surgery or something of the like and a little bleach should do the trick.

She stared at the white haired lazy-butt with crinkled eyebrows.

She'd give her the chance to prove herself. The villagers thought she could be great someday, so she would endure a little slothfulness on her captains' part. For now, that is.

Several days later saw both Mari and Annabelle in a state that was a little worse for wear. They both didn't have the chance to get clean and their drinking water was slowly diminishing.

Therefore, they were ecstatic to see a small island in the distance and made the extra effort to support the sails with a little paddling.

A lush forest, filled with chirping and occasional growling greeted them.

Mari disembarked first and moored her small ship on a halfway broken tree near the shallow bay.

"Where do you think we are?" she asked half-way through a jaw-cracking yawn.

Annabelle understood something like "Wrrrr doooh yaaar thuuuunk whhere aaaaa?" and responded with a small shrug of her shoulders. "We're at the outskirts of the west blue and Hallibell is already a few miles off, so we should be either at the Jaja-Islands or the Bluepug-Desert."

"This doesn't look like a desert."

"Yes, captain obvious. So we are at the Jaja-Islands." Annabelle rolled her eyes. "You're so slow! Slowpoke." The look Mari shot her was a mix of confused dog and offended cat and - combined with the swirly pattern of her eyes - made for a pretty constipated look.

Without further ado, Annabelle took the lead and marched right into the thick conifer forest. Mari followed with only a small pause. She'd probably get lost and never find her way out of the woods, if she didn't keep pace with the blonde.

After tripping over a few roots (give her a break, on Hallibell there was no such thing as a forest!), Mari saw the first signs of civilization. It was a shield, dangling half-heartedly on an old stick that was rammed into the ground. "Jaja-Beach.", Annabelle read. "We are in the middle of a forest. Whyever would somebody call this place beach?"

"Dunno.", was the short reply from Mari. She was currently engrossed with the big spider that slowly crawled up a strand of Annabelles' hair.

Screeching ensued.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>word count: 571.<strong>

\*\*Thank you for reading this story :)\*\*

End  
file.